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The Wisconsin
Literary
Magazine

Volume XVII



Number 5

Privilege of Being Unalluring
Hard Work
Eugaeonia

PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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February, 1918

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The Wisconsin Literary Magazine

Volume XVII

Madison, February, 1918

Number 5

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THE PRESENTATION in Madison of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* recalls the wave of indignation that swept over Europe with the first publication of the Norwegian master's work. And there was in this indignation an element of disbelief, an unwillingness to admit that the stage, so long the sacred hermitage of a dim reflection of life, had floundered into a soil that was fertile with the saps and juices of life itself.

It is not our purpose to review again the conflict that see-sawed in the press at that time, but merely to inquire whether in this day, when our theories of life and living have been sifted, jolted, and sifted again till we scarcely know which is on top, any new startling movement, any jostling of traditional creeds in art, could rouse us emotionally to the pitch that was attained by the good, sleepy folk of a generation ago. Would we today, as then, raise angry hands to heaven and proclaim that the new could not survive, merely because it was not a normal, easy-going evolution out of the old? We have only to point to the recent sudden uprising of a host of experimenters in the dramatic and literary

laboratories, and to the amazing manner in which the public is assimilating the products of a goodly number of these pioneers, to indicate that people of today have developed their receptive bump to an incredible extent.

The war, of course, has been the prime factor in bringing about this growth in willingness-to-believe. Our stock of faith has, in the past three years, acquired a surprising number of new *credos*. From our old smug maxim that "Whatever is, is right," has sprung the new gospel of "Whatever is, may not be tomorrow, or six minutes from now." In America today the gospel is growing. For the war, so long regarded as a remote and interesting phenomenon which marched across our vision in a succession of black newspaper headlines, has entered our lives with a rush and has jostled out mouldering views and stagnant ideals. Beginning with a questioning of musty economic and political faiths, this new gospel embraces now our attitude towards anything that deeply touches life. We taste, we test; we are more willing to reject the old, quicker to accept the new.

Our poets and dramatists have not been laggard in taking advantage of the new tolerant spirit in the attitude of today's public. They have swarmed in troupes out of hidden cubbyholes and have come smiling into the market with their new wares. What they have offered may or may not be good, but they have, at least, been given an impartial hearing and have not been made to flee from the trading place in a shower of cobble-stones. The buyer of today is willing to believe that the taste of people long accustomed to oysters and rice pudding may conceivably turn to Japanese caviar and mumbo-jumbo plants from Patagonia. Hence the increase both in number and diversity of our packing-box theaters, our imagists and spectracists, our new poetry and still newer poetry.

How much of the new will survive is, of course, problematical. Our "canons of judgment," too, have been spiked, for our remade gospel has dissipated old standards of worth. Whether the critical standpatter

of the old school likes it or not, the decade will user in a new type of Missourian who will revise his wise-acre maxim into this: "I'm willing to believe, so devil take your proof!"

THE PERVADING spirit of the campus to-day is restlessness, a restlessness which affects the students and professors alike. The University is struggling against the greatest odds in endeavoring to maintain its former standard in ideals and traditions. Since the war became America's war, many colleges have disintergrated or shrunk to mere anomolies,—and it has been their pride to do so. But the University of Wisconsin has been far-sighted enough to see that its patriotic duty, after contributing its quota of fighting men, is to make every effort to continue its work of educating the maturing generation so that it may be capable of linking itself appropriately into the chain of service. It is difficult for energetic professors and students to relegate themselves to a life of ideas, when they are poignantly aware of humanity's need for material production. When ships are needing to be built and fields are needing to be tilled science and literature seem beside the point. We are tempted to throw up this job of chasing evanescent, intangible ideas for a more truly soul satisfying one of manual labor. We feel that self-development and self-attainment, which must be the point of emphasis in a college career, are essentially egotistical and distasteful at this time when asceticism is the moral criterion. Those of us who are affected by the war long to sacrifice ourselves in service. We cannot but be irked in the pursuance of a life of self-attainment when self-abnegation is our ideal.

But now that we are here, our duty to ourselves and to the allied nations is to apply ourselves vigorously, even feverishly to the task we have undertaken. Discontent and vain longings to be doing something different from our present job only use up our nervous and mental force; vigorous application to and interest in our scholastic work, though it seems far removed from actual war service, can at least develop our minds so that we will be more valuable later on. There are many employers in the business world who are loathe to accept university graduates in their offices, their reason being that students learn more about loafing than anything else in college. Whatever truth there has been in this judgment ought surely to be dispelled at the present time, for our only excuse in being here is that we are working seriously for a serious end, that we may be *more* efficient in a future practical life. The student who conceives of a college education as

an opportunity for gradual and leisurely absorption of culture, belongs on the farm or in the factory right now.

If we are conscious of our college course being practically justifiable, we should be happy in helping to further the ideals and traditions of the institution. Only in resigning ourselves to the course we have chosen and putting aside our anxiety and inarticulate longings to *be*, in this critical moment of history, can we help to temper the pervading spirit of restlessness to a saner one of acceptance and earnestness in work.

IT IS TO be regretted that the contemplated publication by a University alumnus of an anthology of Wisconsin verse has apparently been indefinitely postponed. Recently, especially last year, a good deal of excellent poetry was written by Wisconsin undergraduates. The anthology would have given permanent form to some of the best written expression of student thought, and preserved for Wisconsin a significant chapter in her literary tradition.

Our regret is made more keen by the reflection that there has been no time in the past that has demanded a greater stress upon our spiritual activity than the present. Military leaders in Europe are recognizing the fact that to have excellent fighting men you must have excellent thinking men, and they have furthered the efforts of publishers to increase the production of worthwhile books. It is, as Miss Jessie Rittenhouse pointed out in one of her lectures, a problem in balances. Men engrossed in the material tasks of war work have their equilibrium restored by an interest in reading and writing, and there has seldom been a period in history when the pen and the press have been kept busier than in the past two years. A Berlin publishing house issues monthly anthologies of field and trench poetry whose editions frequently run to twenty or thirty thousand copies; the output of French and English houses has been equally as great.

We feel that a collection of Wisconsin verse would not only have been in the nature of an appreciation of the work of yesterday's students, but would also have inspired tomorrow's amateur writers to greater efforts. Our regret may be premature. Perhaps some new adventurer will take up the work where the old one left off, and give Wisconsin a poetic landmark after all.

EDITORS

| | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| PHILIP A. ADLER | MARJORIE KINNAN |
| AGNES DURRIE | HELEN KNOWLTON |
| ESTHER FORBES | BERTHA OCHSNER |

The Privilege of Being Unalluring

I RODE up tonight from the station with a young man. He was holding my parcels. I was entertaining. I know I was entertaining, for every now and then—say every other block,—I got an animated response. My vanity rose like yeast. Then the young man rang the bell and got off, giving me the parcels, of course, and saying good-bye, and he hoped he would meet me sometime on the hill.

Now to you, my gentle reader, there may be in that paragraph only the recital of an episode. But the paragraph holds food for sorrow and a title for a tragedy. *He Rang the Bell and Got Off*. Ah, there's a name for a soul-drama—a quivering, bitter thing—Quondam, that is. Two years ago, perhaps. I have exaggerated. The little incident would have meant an evening's melancholy, for he is an excellent and handsome young man. A year ago the incident would not have happened. For I would have anticipated it and taken the corner before his, and walked blocks in the bitter night, whose bitterness would have been as hot chocolate beside the bitterness of my heart. And at last home, I would have aided nature scientifically for two hours before the mirror and there prayed the gods for miracles.

You have, then, the fact. I am unalluring. The physiological data are these. I have no violet shadows under my eyes. My eyes are not violet. As for that matter they are not brown or blue or black or any other standard color, but chameleon—they change with every dress I wear. I think this would be rather a becoming custom: but they do not change either to match or to complement, but to a most unravishing and irrelevant color. My hair is not distracting. My face is somehow, intangibly, but very visibly wrong.

Of course such a state has a history,—a rather sad and pathetic history, whose several years were marked off by several parties, and whose tedious length was somewhat relieved by family-instigated calls of young men who talked almost exclusively to my mother. Dear, dear, how sentimental I am growing. I write this even now half tearfully, and tears are unbecoming.

But about a year ago I held a clinic over my state of mind. For I realized that my malady had passed from the physical to the psychic, and was fast becoming chronic. The diagnosis was simple, the recommended remedy a double operation. So one day, unanaesthetized, I removed my pride and my envy. And behold in me a well woman. And since I know that my case is not solitary, I feel the call of evangelism. I am a Susanna Crocroft of the soul.

The operations are painful, and the convalescence is slow, but the recovery is certain and invariable. My lusty lack of pride is a possession coveted by all of those with whom I come into contact. (I use that expression advisedly for I hope that with constant use it will at last fall apart, and like Humpty Dumpty, never be put together again). I can wear any amount of clothing, can indeed wear things adequate for complete warmth and not care whether I am described as a health fiend or a dress reformer. I can wear yellow and be oblivious to its terrible effect. I can wear rubbers all the time.

This same development is evident in other directions. I no longer indulge to excess in circumspection. I chew gum and sing on the streets. I sit on my feet at the library. And right here I should like to interpolate a word of defense for each of these three reviled bits of conduct. Why should it be so reprehensible to chew gum? There is an abandon about it such as one gets only in Strauss. As for singing on the street, it is of inestimable value, I believe. I do not mean by this, the soap box variety, but the unrestrained breaking into song of the happy pedestrian. Song is the symbol of mysticism. Have you never seen a man unutterably lank and umbrella-ed, of whom you suspected an impeccable wife and two spectacled children? Would it not be charming to pass him on the street and hear the wells of mysticism bubble up from within? It is pleasant to run through the list of one's sight acquaintances and speculate as to their favorite tunes. The third of these things, the sitting on one's feet in the library, I need not dwell upon. You are all amenable to comfort.

But I have digressed. To return. Also I removed my envy, which was a flourishing organ. It cost me many a twinge, to be sure, but oh, the inexpressible lack of feeling that replaces the acute pangs I once had when I sat next to a girl with eyes or next to one with hair; that replaces the agony which possessed me when I sat next to a girl with both. I used to think professors gave her ex's. Now I know that this is not so for professors are always fair. How true! Yet nevertheless I hope Saint Peter uses the double entry system. I don't know anything about the double entry system, but wouldn't it in some way or other put assets of good disposition over against liabilities of dimples? I have an even disposition. What are marks anyway? In an ideal system all grades would be kept in the registrar's office until after graduation,—those that were worth keeping, that is—and no mention

would be made of those that weren't—a sort of tacit consent to commencement, as it were. Or better still, they could be released simultaneously with one's obituary, when the conventions would conspire to make them unmentionable.

My idea was to tell you of the privileges of being unalluring. I have discovered them for myself during the last year. They do, strangely enough, coincide with the privileges which the fairer of my sex have long aimed to achieve thru the liberating movement and have failed to achieve, safe to say they will always fail—while I, who was not a seeker, found. To begin with, I am never suspected of design. Since I have abandoned my former half-slanting, hang-dog approach, I no longer am miserable. I used to expect something at roll-call—what I don't know unless it was for some Lothario to leap out of the back seat at my timid answer. Now I expect nothing and get everything—that is, except a Lothario, to be sure. I pass the littlest Freshman on the street. "Come on, go skating with me," I say. "Aw," he answers, without the slightest thought of rebuff—"it's too cold!" He comes on out in the course of the week, though, and borrows my skis and I borrow somebody's else's and I help him to find warm enough things and we go out and freeze almost to death. Then we come home and make chocolate in the kitchen and eat dozens of sandwiches. And I tell him what things his teacher would like to have him report on for a reading list. And he lets me feel of his new sweater and carries home two sandwiches and my skis. And then, there's the little boy whom I don't know that I always go to war lectures with. We wait for each other outside the door. And if it lasts very long, he says he's hungry and tiptoes out.

As with the Freshmen, so with the Seniors. They borrow my biographies, and tell me of their careers and their engagements to be married. That underneath my harmless exterior I could harbor any guile is unbelievable. Indeed and I don't. Harboring guile is unlucrative business. One should wear one's guile on one's sleeve. And it's a feeling which has its results all along the line. My teachers know I'm in earnest, for looks are a compensation to the brainless, or brains, to the lookless, or which way does it go? "She will teach," they say, "and stick at her job."

In the days before my operation—I should like to speak of it as anteoperandum, if I may, altho I've no idea what operandum means,—I used to try to be agreeable. Laura Jean Libby and her whole Sisterhood had sung it lugubriously,—"Give others a good time and you'll have a good time yourself,"—which is curiously unchristian in its reversal, don't you think, of truly sweet and lovely motives? I used to try it.

When I met a man I sounded at once the depths of his interests. Did he love music? He adored music. Oh, wasn't he crazy about Tchaikowsky's *Concerto in B flat minor*? No, he was not, but he was wild about *Arawanna* or *Some Sunday Morning* or what was it that year? Did he like politics? Yes, much; his father was in politics, and he'd always heard it at home. Or what did he think of the last bloc against the center? Well, you see, father was an alderman, and the town was only two thousand. Novels? Yes. I was just reading Elsie Venner, gruesome, didn't he think? See, that was Holmes wasn't it? Sherlock always was spooking around. That *Hound of the Baskerville's* raised every hair he had. And so on, religiously.

Then somebody told me never to look intelligent. "It takes," said this omniscient and successful person, "more brains to conceal a few than to disport a lot." It was rather vague, but I got it. From that day forward I didn't know a check on a trunk from a check on a bank. Where was Germany, and I don't see why we should fight it—we had an awfully nice German cook once, and she was as peaceful.

No success. I didn't have the eyes. As I said, this was ante operandum. Afterwards I cast to the twelve winded sky (I didn't drag that in on purpose, but where did Housman get twelve winds in his sky? Our whole family has counted and we can't get twelve, counting even the Trades) Laura Jean's maxims, and talked about what I jolly well pleased. And I do yet. The other night I sat with a boy at the booby table. I truly like to sit at the booby table, it's so unpretentious. He was nice. He was moderate to excess. He was a perfect dear. And I should have been filled with designs. But I felt radical. (How unpleasant radicals are. If only people wouldn't belong so immoderately to the Left, but would be just mildly interested in the right things.) I chanced, more than chanced—it was a sure thing,—boring him to death. I talked Ann Veronican stuff. I vociferated in favor of women's smoking and swearing and meant to walk *comme le Prusse* over the corpse of his idealism. And do you know, the corpse of his idealism sat up and shook hands with me, and we didn't either of us mean a word we said, and we had a perfectly swell time. So there you are.

And the astonishing things one can do when one walks without guile. Two boys and I chased a mouse down the middle of State Street at eleven o'clock last Friday night and met many respectable people coming out for a breath between dances. The girls had no coats on. There, I hoped to get that in some way. I felt it my duty to speak disapprovingly of the custom of strolling out coatless at midnight of a zero's evening.

Don't they know they'll catch cold, and the cold may turn into pneumonia, and then into consumption, and they'll have to go to Colorado and die? It's dreadful to think about. We, the dancers, and the mousers, looked reciprocally amazed.

Well, really when I figure it out, I haven't a thesis, or if I had, I have lost it. I might say, I suppose, that if the fair sex wants liberation, it will have to singe its eyebrows. Taking for the names of two possible plays—*He Rang the Bell and Got Off*, and *He*

Loved Her, but She Moved Away, compare the probable heroines. The first, well, I told you how she looked, and the second—isn't she pleasant to conjure up—ruffly, lovely, elusive? There's material in the former play for suffrage propoganda, and suffrage is a present question, I do suppose. And in the second play,—There's a question there, too. I don't know that one would call it present. *Toujours ici peut-être.*

—MARION C. CALKINS.

Walter Von Dem Vogelthal

(From Contemporary Verse)

Beside my door I washed my hair,
 All in a gentle rain;
 There were no passers anywhere
 And none to call me vain;
 But soft I heard a bob-white call,
 And down the muddy lane
 Came Walter von dem Vogelthal
 A-whistling in the rain.
 He stroked my hair and kissed me there;
 I could not show disdain,—
 Lest Walter von dem Vogelthal
 Should never come again.

My thoughts were here, my thoughts were there,
 My eyes filled up with rain;
 My heart was full of sudden care,
 Beset with sweetest pain;
 His soul could hear my own soul call
 Out in the dripping rain
 To Walter von dem Vogelthal,
 To call him back again.
 There was no air sung anywhere
 Could charm away the pain
 But Walter von dem Vogelthal
 A-whistling in the rain!

My heart is here, my heart is there,
 'Tis never home again;
 'Tis far away from everywhere
 In a field of mortal pain,
 'Tis where the gun-cloud's deadly pall
 Pours floods of angry bane,—
 And Walter von dem Vogelthal
 Is whistling in that rain;
 My heart is there, and oh! the care
 That racks my soul with pain
 Till Walter von dem Vogelthal
 Come whistling home again!

—CLIFFORD F. GESSLER.

Eugaemonia

Characters:

Eugenergy, chairman of the eugenics commission.

Eugene, Eugenia—ideal pair of humans.

Henry Mullion, governor of Wisconsin.

Hazel McGill, who loves the governor and is loved by him.

Mr. McGill, brother of Hazel, a political boss.

Eugenics policemen, messenger boy, chorus of clerks.

Egyptian queens, mummies, in absentia.

Scene:

Madison, Wis.

Time:

Anno Domini 1987.

The governor's office.

Chorus of clerks (sing)

Beaureaucratic, governmental, socialistic slaves are we.
Ever since the war, although we live, yet in our graves
are we,

Governmental centralizing swept the land in waves,
you see,

And though we own all capital from reapers unto
caves, you see,

The government which mostly is made up of all the
knaves that be,

Along with all the paving stones it owns the man that
paves, you see.

Chorus—

So it's let's be jolly,

And it's let's be jolly.

Drink the near-beer!

Down with fear, dear!

And live for heavenly folly.

When all the state is organized with ranks from top to
toe, my boy.

When not one little business but the nation, don't you
know, my boy,

The whole contraption runs affairs from banking to a
hoe, my boy,

When everybody has a man whom he is just below,
my boy,

When governmental experts tell you, "Now do thus
and so," my boy,

Few die and none resign's a saying full of bitter woe,
my boy.

-- *Chorus—*

So it's etc . . .

Enter Gov. Mullion.

Chorus—

He is early, cussed man.

Get to your work as fast as you can.

Governor Mullion surely ran

To catch us before we began.

He is hot; turn on the fan.

*Gov. Mullion goes to desk, rolls up top, and sits
down.*

Gov. M. (sings)—

Dam it all; you cannot marry anyone you like, my
dear.

Eugenergy, the Eugenist, will get you 'fore you hike,
my dear,

And clap you behind prison bars and, for the love of
Mike, my dear,

Electric chairs aren't thought much of for going up
the pike, my dear,

I'd rather be in Holland when they open up a dike,
my dear

Than use electric toasters t' send me on th' eternal
hike, my dear.

Chorus—

So it's let's etc;—

Gov. M. (sings)—

Worse than that, the governor or president or anyone,
Alfenschnitzel, Monahan, or Seltzikoff, or Dennison,

Eugenergy can marry him to little, piddling Jenny, son,
An ugly, scrawny thing no one could love in all Kil-

kenny, son,

Whose children always up and die, if ever she gets
any son,

A domestic misadventure not desired by very many,
son.

Chorus—

And so it's let's be jolly.

And it's let's be jolly.

Drink the near-beer!

Down with fear, dear!

And live for heavenly folly.

Enter Mr. and Miss McGill.

*Gov. M.—*Why, Mac darling. How did you get
in here. You oughtn't to be here. You'll get ar-
rested for sure. But I'm so glad to see you.

*Miss McGill.—*I had to find out about our bill.
Didn't it go through?

*Gov. M.—*Yes, Mac, it went through but—

*Miss McG.—*But?—

*Gov. M.—*But the supreme court has seen it. Yes,
they turned it down. I suppose they're right but—
I—Oh, Mac, it's so hard.

*Mr. McG.—*The nerve! After all the ivory pen

knives I bought for the representresses. Are you dead sure?

Enter messenger boy.

Gov. M.—Yes, here comes the letter from the chief justice, now. (*To messenger*) Here you are, young fellow.

Messenger—Thank you, sir. And here's the latest from the legislature, one of Eugenergy's appropriation bills.

Gov. M.—All right. Put it on the desk, there. (*Opens letter reads*) "Dear Mullion. I confess I rather sympathize with your youthful spirit of rebellion."

Miss McG.—Did you rebel?

Gov. M.—Well, almost, sometimes. It's immoral to want to marry the person you love, I know, but—oh, well (*reads*) "spirit of rebellion, but really the fate of your bill was a foregone conclusion. Eugenergy decided that Miss McGill, being the sister of Mr. McGill, a representative of that class of beings the Eugenist has so long laboured to eliminate from the Irish members of our commonwealth, namely a political boss, Miss McGill is, accordingly, an unfit person to perpetuate her heredity and consequently you, Governor Mullion, should not be allowed to marry her." If he only knew you, Mac.

Miss McG.—Don't. You make me feel bad.

Gov. M. (*reads*) "In a case like that, you should have known very well, no action of the legislature is of any avail. Those great and wise statesmen who remodelled that safeguard of our liberties, the constitution, immediately after the close of the war with Germany, were careful, in their high minded zeal for systematic, governmental organization of all the activities of life to embody in that illustrious document itself a non-partisan board of Eugenics and to clothe it with wide powers of control and an independent and sufficient force to execute its own decrees and furthermore conditioned a reconsideration of its constitutional rights upon the consent of the Eugenist himself and furthermore—"

Mr. McG.—Hey, call a halt so I can catch my breath! The point is, in the end—

Gov. M.—In the end our marriage is declared unconstitutional, Mac, and the happiness I have looked forward to so long—

Mr. McG.—O, forget it! (*Miss McG. begins to weep and Gov. M. blows his nose and swallows*) Huh?—(*sings*)

The way of loving couples is as puzzling as a hen;

Things financial always slip their minds.

Psychological connecting up of dollars and of men

Is a thing to which they're often very blind.

"The whole wide world will help us to our heaven
in the glen."

"The whole wide world has got it in for little us'n
"The hole wide world has got it in for little us'n
then.

The whole wide world is nothing but a pestilential
fen;"

When with a little cash their snarl would all un-
wind.

Chorus—

For it's loving and it's drinking and it's spending's
all the same,

For they all will make the world go round and
round.

A bright, round piece of silver's as attractive as a
flame

To any bug that bumps the chimney you have found.

Just you dangle it enticingly,

Not too far but near sufficingly

And don't you let him have it till you've got what
is your aim

And with success and ease you will be crowned.

But a politician's wiser; just you look at little me.

I bet you I get rid of all this jar.

I'll just use this little check book and you watch the
face of glee

Upon Eugenergy just twinkle like a star.

When he lines his silken pocket with a nice fat
scrap of fee,

To someone's happiness he'll be no more a bar.
Using scientific method he'll retest her thoroughly;
He'll invoke the ghost of Mendel and will prove
the maiden free

From hereditary taint that might debar.

Chorus—

For it's loving and it's drinking etc. . . .

*Enter Eugenergy, flanked by Eugene and Eugenia,
followed by three Eugenics policemen.*

Chorus—

Eugenergy! Eugenergy!

The Luther Burbank of our race,
Eugenergy!

Can I marry darling Harry?

Can I marry pretty Carrie?

Can I marry noble Larry?

Do not say us nay.

Some of us have too much girth

And others of us have a dearth

Of flesh but of whatever worth,

Such as we are we pray.

Thou, the great one, full of power,

Gifted with all science' dower,

Thou, the age's finest flower,

Lo, before thee how we cower.

With your dignity offended,

Do not, in majestic anger,

With your noble feelings bruised,

In black scowling lower.
 Think how we have labored hard,
 Sorting, sifting card on card,
 Nor any task of thine have marred;
 Harken to our lay.
 Eugenergy! Eugenergy!
 The Luther Burbank of our race,
 Eugenergy.
 Can I marry darling Harry?
 Can I marry pretty Carrie?
 Can I marry noble Larry?
 Do not say us nay.

Eugenergy (sings)

What you say I will consider,
 With due care I will consider.
 First fill out these applications
 Fill these blank cards for our records.
 If one cannot read your writing,
 If it is not always read right,
 Print your answers to the questions,
 Put them down in printed letters.
 Put your name on the first line, here,
 Last name first and then your others,
 Last name coming first in order
 First name next and if you have one
 Place your middle name the next one.
 In the upper left hand corner
 Place your number telephonic;
 Place your number in the corner,
 In the upper left hand corner.
 Don't omit your street and number.
 Your address must be put down here.
 Then, when we shall send the summons,
 Summons for you to appear here,
 To appear to be examined,
 Medical examination,
 Then it will be sure to reach you.

Chorus (sings)

Eugenergy! Eugenergy!
 The Luther Burbank of our race,
 Eugenergy!
 Scientific, systematic!
 Quite pacific, but dogmatic,
 And terrific, and emphatic,
 If thy rights be crossed.
 Whence your marked ability
 To bring men to servility
 With Devilish facility?
 Come, do not be a frost.

Eugenergy (sings)

It is my style polysyllabic,
 So terrific and emphatic,
 Quite pacific, but dogmatic,
 Which I in such a way dramatic,

Inhabiting a German Attic,
 Working like a blamed fanatic,
 Made for profs aristocratic.
 It always does impress th' ectstatic.
 And anyone who'd be erratic,
 I clap into a cell rheumatic,
 And feed him up on salts hepatic
 And he soon becomes quite static.

Chorus—

Eugenergy! Eugenergy!
 The Luther Burbank of our race,
 Eugenergy!
 Thou the great one full of power,
 Gifted with all science' dower,
 Thou the age's finest flower,
 Lo, before thee how we cower,
 Do not in black scowling lower.
 Eugenergy!

Eugenergy loquitur—Governor, to be brief, I want to talk to you about my bill for buying Egyptian mummies.

Gov. M.—Mummies? You know very well taxes are too high despite the centralizing of everything in my hands, except your affairs, of course. Mummies, it seems to me—

Eug.—I know, I know, but this is a real opportunity. We musn't let it slip. You see, these mummies are made up of several generations of Egyptian princesses. They smothered each one as soon as she gave birth to a son.

Gov. M.—Well but—

Eug.—Just a minute. All the sons of these queens turned out remarkable kings, and I have an idea that a scientific study of these mummies would be a fine thing for eugenics.

Gov. M.—Mummies. A scientific study.

Eug.—Certainly, why not? Especially when you consider the remarkable results we've got recently with the voltaic battery.

Gov. M.—You—a—I—a you—you're going to bring them alive!

Eug.—I believe so.

Mr. McG.—You're going to see if they used Knossos or Abydos perfume?

Eug.—That might have some bearing—

Miss McG.—You're going to see whether ladies could vote then or not?

Eug.—That certainly would—

Gov. M.—You're going—Lord God of Hosts (*Gov. M., Mr., and Miss McG. all laugh*)

Eug.—Governor Mullion, I am deeply grieved to discover such undignified behaviour and lack of appreciation of responsibility in any person in the exceedingly dignified position you have the misfortune to oc-

copy. The experiments necessary for the advancement of my glorious science are anything but the subject for unseemly levity. I must declare that such behaviour—

Gov. M.—(*Hastily signing the bill*) There, there's your bill, now get out!

Eug.—Sir, such words to adopt to me! How do I see you with that McGill girl after my prohibition? (*To Miss McG.*) Hey? What are you doing here?

Miss McG.—Oh, sir. If you only knew something of the force of a great love.

Eug.—If I only knew something about love! I know altogether too much about that very thing. If it wasn't for that illegal force my and my predecessors' efforts would long ago have been crowned with success. You musn't be in love; it's against the law.

Miss McG.—Oh, but if you only knew.

Eug.—If I only—Oh well, go ahead and tell me about your great sensations of animal passions. It seems to be hard to develop humans to use their brains instead of their instincts!

Miss McG. (*sings*)

Loves touch is like the whispering breeze
That blows through nodding flowers,
All fresh with tonic scent of the seas
To evoke life's secret powers,
Whose thrilling breath across the leas
Sends a joyous pulse through the flowers.

Fresh love is like awakening
In some new, radiant place,
Where all paths tempt to following
With mystery's haunting grace,
Yet, mystery's fear o'ershadowing,
Reluctant we dally our pace.

Love's glory steals upon the soul
Like a sunrise o'er the sky;
A scarce felt warmth across the bowl
Of heaven, then streaming high
In glowing saffron, tints of gold,
To fresh morn's ecstasy.

Eug.—Very pretty, very pretty, but I've heard it before. I see you have been reading poets. That's forbidden. They're immoral people.

Miss McG.—But I like them. You should read them. For if you only knew—

Eug.—If I only knew! Tut. Do you think I'm a bronze statue? You ought to know better.

Miss McG.—Well, then—

Eug.—Well, then,—but science, science! Progress! What are our puny desires beside such noble conceptions? Think of society, my dear; think of your duty to the future.

Gov. M.—You seem to me a little over confident. Natural selection—

Eug.—Natural selection! That great conjuring patter of sentimental scientists.

Gov. M.—Yes, it's an easy stunt to call names; any ex-president can do that. But when it comes to results, what can you show?

Eug.—Why, any number. The Wisconsin Berkshire hog, the West Virginia mutton, the New York Percheron, and our wheat, one ear of which is enough for a whole plate full of breakfast food—

Gov. M.—But, Great Scott, man, we don't want to hitch a plow to our nephews or eat our grandchildren.

Eug.—Ah, yes,—of course. Behold! (*brings forward Eugene and Eugenia*) My children!

Gov. M.—The results! This is our ideal is it?

Eug.—Yes, governor, here at last we have the scientific aristocrats of the human race. Eugenia, allow me to present to you Governor Mullion.

Gov. M.—Happy to make your acquaintance, Miss.

Eugenia—Very gratified for this meeting—ah—life is a very serious business, very. I never laugh.

Eugenergy—Eugene, permit me to introduce Governor Mullion.

Eugene—Hullo, governor. Pleased to meet you.

Gov. M.—How do you do, young gentleman. Don't you ever laugh either?

Eugene (*gloomily*)—I sometimes try.

Gov. M.—Oh—ah—Most astonishing. I congratulate you, Eugenergy.

Eugenergy—I flatter myself the world shall be regenerated through the offspring of this couple.

Mr. McG. (*aside*)—Sob stuff and sense both fail. Filthy lucre to the rescue. (*aloud*) Eugenergy, I'd like to talk to you a moment.

(Continued on page 128)

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Verse

DO-KYO

1

The deep moan of the temple bell
Passed. Night trembled
And the flowers fell.

O the inhuman creed
That crushed sweet love
And broke her heart to bleed!

Her gentle sobs filled the hedge-row
By the temple door.—
Did he know?

Within,
The young priest read in monotone;
With all his heart the priest read on.

2

The darkness grew deep.
Like a ghostly messenger
Came the rain and whispered, "Weep!"

Her tears glistened in the fire
Of her hollow eyes
Burning with pent desire.

The darkness held the breath,
And night hugged the temple
As for fear of death.

Within,
The young priest read in monotone;
With all his heart the priest read on.

3

The incense smoke rose, as he read,
Weaving a tremulous halo
Above his head.

And he read: "All things are nothingness.
"Illusion is the bringer
"Of desire and distress."

On the amber paper-screen
Of the door his shadow rested,
Vague but serene.

"O my Love!" she cried.
The nightrain sobbed gently with her
On the mountain-side.

But ah,
The young priest read in monotone;
With all his heart the priest read on.

—SHIGEYOSHI OBATA.

The Penguin and the Chickadee

"Do you know I've been thinking,"

The chickadee said,
As he flickered his feathers
And tickled his head,

"Your language is foreign,
A guttural twaddle;
You strut down the shore in
A lumbering waddle.

And yet—I confess it—
Though I scold and berate you,
I can't—did you guess it—
I can't seem to hate you,"

The chickadee said,
As he flickered his feathers
And tickled his head.

"I admit it is puzzling,"

The penguin replied,
As he wobbled his flippers
And swelled up inside.

"You flit and you fidget,
You quirk and you tweek,

Like a rubber-ball midget
With a pin for a beak.
And yet, though I scold you
And tease you and shove you,

How often I've told you,
You midget, I love you,"
The penguin replied,
As he wobbled his flippers
And swelled up inside.

At that moment a vulture,
Hiding safe in a cloud,
(Horrid beast without culture)
Dropped a succulent bug,
And chortled aloud

With a smile that was smug.
The penguin and the chickadee
Eyed each other warily.
When it dropped
Chicky hopped—
Down his throat the tidbit popped.
And he sang a song to the penguin bird,
Sang so loud that the whole world heard:
"Clippety, cluppety, so, fa, do—
I ate it up 'cause I love you so."

But the penguin with a bound
Covered forty feet of ground
Like a ball;
Bounced into the air right straight up,
Opened wide his beak and ate up
Chickadee and bug and all.
And he waggled his flippers and rolled his eyes
And squawked a medley to the skies:
"Hankety, honkety, woofety, wup—
I loved you, chick, so I ate you up."

POST MORTEM.

"Do you know I'm an idiot,"
The red vulture cried,
As he patted his belly
With the penguin inside.
"I've spent time in fretting
And fuming and fussing,
When I might have been getting
Two meals without cussing.
But I've done with the bother,
Let love do the work;
For they loved each other—
I love like a Turk,"

The red vulture cried,
As he patted his belly
With the penguin inside.

—ERNEST L. MEYER.

"A Sweet Disorder in the Dress."

When I have longings poet-wise,
To free your hair when south winds blow,
Why must you always weep and cry,
"Oh John, where did my hairpins go?"

When I should like to kiss you, dear,
And feel you near me, close-embraced,
Why must you cry, "Oh John, take care,
This is a freshly laundered waist?"

You carry neatness all too far
If it must bar me each caress,
Remember, dear, I also love,
"A sweet disorder in the dress."

—MARY MORSELL.

Hard Work

I WENT to the Reserve Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan in the Spring of 1917. Before I left I revelled in emotions. With tears in my eyes I packed my beloved story-books and sold my text-books. I ate every meal at home; I stayed in the house after meals, and helped my mother wash dishes. I was kind and gentle to my brothers and sisters. I bought my father a box of cigars, and smoked them with a melancholy pleasure. As the day of departure drew near, I walked about the lake shore, the University, the Square; I ate lunches in Chili Al's, I loafed in Leo's saloon, I kissed Geraldine, and Mabel, and Laura, and "Bobs". I did all these things with tears in my eyes, saying to myself: "I'm doing this for perhaps the last time." I visited my friends six times a day, and I made peace with my enemies. I wept for one whole afternoon while I read and burned up my letters. I was frightfully sad, with unutterable joy I plumbed depths of sadness in my soul which I had never suspected.

The climax, however, was reached on the day we left Madison for Fort Sheridan. We assembled on the lower campus, and heard ourselves called heroes, and we heard the commandant welcome us into the fraternity of arms. We marched heroically down the street waving affectionate goodbyes to the businessmen, our creditors. And we marched the last block to the station between two ranks of old grand army men who had tottered away from their grandchildren to be a part of the picture at our farewells. That gave us the big thrill. On the train I wept for fifty miles.

Fort Sheridan kept me human, except when laundry came from home. With it were always a few cookies, and I was glad I could feel so very homesick while I ate them. I formed a fervent friendship with a young man who left after three weeks for Fortress Monroe. The night he left I lay on my bunk weeping for half an hour. Let me tell you that I was not the only man of sorrows in the camp. Mothers, wives, sisters, sweet-hearts, fraternity brothers, and college chums came and left, trailing cookies, cakes, cigarettes, and tears. The beauty of the place affected many. Think of the pathos of tramping in column of squads over a field of violets! Grim War treading out frail beauty.

Of course this is only one facet of the life there. Work and play, wild jokes, and honest emotions of friendship and sorrow entered also. But one touch of self-conscious indulgence spoils a whole soulful of emotions, and here was surely more than a touch.

After six weeks I elected to become an aviator.

After I had been accepted, I went about chucking death under the chin. I was a desperate devil. That feeling and one other fed me until the period of training was over. The other feeling was admiration for our captain, who, with a well-chosen vocabulary for a weapon, fought like a demon. We wistfully admired the aggressive way he stuck out his chin; he knew it, and now I can see that he knew it. "We'd follow Fightin' Joe, by God, all over hell and part of Texas" became the watch-word of the company. We wallowed in confidence and loyalty.

Having chosen aviation I could not, of course, be awarded an infantry commission. At the end of the encampment, I came back to Madison to await orders to go to an aviation school. During this period of waiting my eyes were opened, and I saw myself. What a shock! But in a short time, I came to laugh at myself under the tutelage of George Meredith. Evan Harrington, Richard Feverel, Beauchamp, and Sir Willoughby opened my eyes to the fact that my flood of emotions was not genuine. I knew what I ought to feel at an occurrence, I felt it faintly, I fed it and fed it, until this feeling, this synthetic emotion washed over me in great crescendo waves, and finally left me emotionally loggy, inert, contented, sopped; I had done my duty. But Meredith showed me the ridiculous anti-climax of my early return after final farewells; he showed me that I am not the sun's little brother; he showed me that to have emotions is all right, but that to take joy in the having them is all wrong. He made me small enough so that I can begin really to grow.

* * *

Another round of farewells approaches. This time I go to Austin, Texas, to a ground-school for aviators. I shall certainly be gone for two months, I may be going for good. Again I am packing my beloved story books, and selling a few left-over text-books. Again I am wandering about saying goodbye to well-loved places. Again I am drying dishes and smoking cigars. Again I am bothering my friends with frequent visits. I am going again through the whole ludicrous, human business. But now, as I said before, there is a difference. Sometimes I laugh at the sob that starts to rise, sometimes I smile at the tears, sometimes I sneer down my tremulous chin, and then sometimes I sob and weep and tremble generously. But when I sob and weep now it is justifiable sobbing and weeping. I do not have emotions in order to enjoy having them. I am doing what a magazine article I read called "earning my emotions."

Now, I have only begun to earn my emotions; it is a new task, it will require years to master; at present I can go through the process, stumbling as I do, much more easily than I can explain it. This record is only a clumsy review of my present progress.

What I try to do is to be honest with myself. Something happens, and I have a spiritual reaction. I know what it ought to be, and three months ago I would have striven to make it that, and then would have been very much pleased at my success. I would have enjoyed to the last degree this false emotion. Or I would have the reaction, I would not force it to be any different in kind, but I would feed it and feed it until it left me greatly pleased with my depth of feeling. Three weeks ago, I would have gone through this progress, and then have felt disgust at my dishonesty. Now I try hard not to let my emotions become acts of the will. As long as I am conscious of an emotion, but unconscious of my consciousness of it, it is genuine. It is very hard to explain, it is like having in me a mysterious new light. The quality of the light cannot be defined; the definition means nothing until the light has been seen.

In this flood of new light no racial hereditary emotions, no literary emotions, no morbid emotions can live. A good example of what I mean is my reaction to my heliotrope tie. I bought it a week ago. It is a crêpe de chene Windsor tie which I wear in a four-in-hand. I luxuriate in its delicate rich folds, in its pale sheen, in its smooth feeling, in the subtle perfume it exhales. When I am not wearing it I play with it. In another week I shall leave heliotrope crêpe de chene ties behind, perhaps forever. Three months ago that thought would have been fed and fed until many tears had paid my debt to artificial living. Now when I think the thought I feel sad but I ask myself why. Because it is a tradition that all last times are sad? Because the tie is a symbol of the life I am leaving? But there are no last times; there are times and first times. There is always the possibility of repeating an experience. And even if the experience is not to be repeated, why mope? The thing to do is to look for-

ward to the first time the next experience is to come. One does not leave a life, and enter into another; one slowly grows through a life of which each part dovetails with each other part. No, the tie cannot uncombed a single tear down my nose. I laugh at it, and suddenly my pure joy in its beauty is increased tenfold.

Take the case of the cookies. Ever since I can remember my mother has made wonderful cookies. She has a recipe that her mother brought over from Ireland, and that no one outside the family has ever had. The cookies are unique; they occupy a very definite place in my memory. A day or so ago my mother made some of these cookies, and I watched her. As though I were ten years old again I licked the batter-pan, I made a little cooky of my own, I ate all the burned ones; and then my mother gave me the best-browned, crispest, biggest, richest cookie of the lot. I held it a second, and then burst into tears, and kissed her. Not definitely in my mind, but in a misty old-rose cloud in the back of my mind were all the beauties of our relationship, all the joys and sorrows, all the sacrifices and acceptances, and the beauty of the emotion was more poignant because of the feeling that soon we were to part. I burst into tears and kissed my mother. As soon as I had kissed her a breeze of memory stirred the old-rose cloud of emotion, and I began spontaneously to go over all our kisses, all our disappointments, all our sorrows, and I thought of the pain I had caused her, and that I would have no chance to atone for it. The emotion was beautiful and honest. But gradually, like a thief in the night, unknown to me, a small ever-growing wave of joy at my tenderness came upon me. It grew until suddenly I became conscious of it. Immediately I said: "Well, mother, I'm going out;" I kissed her goodbye and went to play pool until I was again normal.

So it goes. The tie cannot fool me, the cookies cannot push me beyond spontaneity, but other things, I daresay, often deceive me. That is no matter for worry; I know I am growing. It is hard work, but I work hard. I earn my emotions.

BERT GILL.

The Old Gentleman

THE COOL blackness of the fall night had settled over the fields, marking the end of work for the farmers round about. But up the hill from the little cottage a light bobbed jerkily.

"The Old Gentleman's coming up the hill," said The Professor, filling his pipe.

"Going to milk" said The Professor's wife.

"O, No! Not ten yet!" The Professor smiled.

"There, he's at the door now. You'll have to go, Dad."

And The Professor's wife and daughter also smiled as they saw The Professor resignedly lay down his pipe.

On the porch The Old Gentleman stood peering

through the glass of the door, his lantern held high. Its light fell on his wrinkled face, with its watery blue eyes and yellow tobacco-stained moustache, and revealed his mud stained clothes and a canvas seed-bag slung over his shoulder. His lips were already moving in speech, and the opening door admitted a torrent of sound.

"How-do, Pufessor! I got the vetch seed all 'nocolated with that "Nitragine",—can you come and help me sow it now? It'll grow vetch with nodules big's your little finger. Out on the other farm I sowed 'nocolated vetch, and the corn that grew on that soil—"

"Yes, yes!" shouted The Professor, "But it's dark now!"

"Sure it's dark. It's got to be dark to sow this 'nocolated vetch. There can't any light touch it or it will kill the germs. If you can get your folks to hold the lantern—I've only got one lantern—we can do it all right. On the other farm when we did this one night—"

"All right, we'll come!" and The Professor vainly endeavored to stem the tide by departing for his family.

The flickering light of the lantern showed the bent back and active trot of The Old Gentleman, as he held the reins of his thin and weary horses in one hand, and with the other cracked his long whip. The run of his talk was punctuated with sudden terrible shouts of "Giddap there!" which seemed to have no effect on the team but a slight twitching of ears.

The Old Gentleman set the field.

"Madam, you just hold the lantern at this end, and girl, you stand over there at that end and strike matches. I'll go straight then. Pufessor, you can drive the drag after me. Now—we're ready!"

But The Professor's gentle voice had no effect on the team and The Nearest Neighbor was drafted into service. Now The Professor held The Neighbor's lantern at the further side of the field, and The Profes-

or's Daughter struck matches in the center of the rows. The Old Gentleman trotted back and forth, moving his human stakes as he advanced, sowing the seed with wide rhythmic swings of the arm. His voice went on steadily, now a murmur in the darkness, now a string of shouted words as he appeared in the light, talking in sentences which lasted for three crossings of the field, apparently addressed to any and every one.

After some time a tremulous voice floated up from the Old Gentleman's cottage.

"Jo—ohn!"

"—I had twenty of those ponies, and every one could do a separate trick—there was one that could do more than—What say, Pufessor? What?"

"I said your wife is calling you!"

"Oh—Oh!" The shouting became a little louder.

"What—Wha—at?"

"You must milk the cow and I've had your supper ready for you for an hour."

"Giddap there! Giddap! There was one pony could climb up on a barrel and roll round on it for—," the voice traveled on across the field and The Nearest Neighbor, following with the drag, listened silently to many rows of oft-told tales.

From the cottage came again the gentle voice of The Old Gentleman's lady.

"Jo—ohn! Aren't you ever going to milk the cow? It's ten o'clock!"

"Giddap there! Yes—I had a lot of experiences on that ranch. Well—ye're through now I guess—I'll go put my horses out and eat my supper. Good night, Pufessor,— thank you, Ed,—goodnight everybody—."

Down the hill the lantern bobbed. The Old Gentleman was running his horses to the barn. The cow in the orchard moored hopefully, and back up the lane came the diminishing sound of The Old Gentleman's voice—still talking.

—RACHEL S. COMMONS.

The Diamond Necklace

OUT of the shadows of a side street into the yellow light of the broad avenue, aimlessly, unsteadily he wandered. As he shuffled his gray, worn shoes over the cement walk, one toe met the first of the marble steps leading up to the forbidding doors of a large, white stone house. He reeled blindly forward and fell upon his hands and knees. He remained motionless a moment, collecting his thoughts and his breath, then laboriously twisted his ungovernable legs around to the front and sat down. A cutting wind was blowing from the river. He pulled his collar close up around his thin neck and wrapped his ragged coat

tightly around his scrawny, shivering body. The wind numbed his rattling legs, and a stupor slowly crept upon him. His arms fell limply between his wide-spread knees, his head drooped forward; but suddenly his leaden eyelids opened wide, and he straightened up with a jerk. He looked cautiously to the right and to the left along the avenue; then reaching slowly down with his lean, blue fingers, he drew from the shadow beneath the step, a diamond necklace.

With his elbow resting on his thigh, he held it out before him and looked long and steadily at it, the realization that he had found something to him prodig-

giously valuable, gradually working through his dulled brain. With it also came the realization that what he had found did not belong to him, and he pondered over his prize. It was not that he had but the dimmest idea of hunting up the owner and of restoring it to him, but simply because his feeble senses were paralyzed by the unreality of this impossible luck and by the pictures of wealth which shone from these star-like stones, that he hesitated to take the necklace with him. But the appearance in the next block of a policeman swaggering toward him, carelessly swinging his club in one hand, made him act. He thrust the necklace into the pocket of his blue flannel shirt, buttoned the flap carefully over it, rose deliberately, walked to the first corner and turned into a shadowy by-way. He stopped a minute, looked warily about him, and then set off on a run, his intoxication gone, his frayed coat-tail flying behind him. Panting heavily, he stopped before a cramped, little house in a dimly-lighted street and pounded with both fists on the thin panels of the door. The window in the gable shot up; a large, white-gowned woman, her black braid hanging over her shoulder, leaned out.

"Who is it's making all that noise at this time of night?" she asked.

"It's Jim, Marie. Let me in; let me in, I say."

"Go away, you whiskey swigger you," said the woman, angrily shaking her head at him, "I'm not going to let you in. I told you never to come near this house again."

"Please, Marie, my dear, please let me in," he pleaded, "I won't drink again, I swear. Besides, Marie, I have something."

"You've sworn to leave off your tap sucking ever since I've known you. I'm done with it," she said sharply but added after a pause, "What is it you say you have besides that fine jag you left me with?"

"Shhhh," he held his finger mysteriously to his lips and whispered hoarsely, "Let me in; I can't show it to you out here." Then looking up into her disbelieving face, "Honest, Marie, I'm not lying. I'll show it to you as soon as I get inside."

The woman withdrew; the window slammed shut. Jim stood anxiously before the door, nervously kicking his battered toes against the hollowed doorstep. A yellow beam shone from a down-stairs window, the lock squeaked, and Marie, bare-footed and with a gray shawl thrown over her night gown, admitted her husband. When the door was locked again, he went quickly to the round table in the center of the scantily furnished room and spread out under the flickering gilt lamp, the sparkling necklace. His wife, who, with her red hands on her hips, had been scornfully watching his excited movements from the opposite side of

the table, leaned suddenly toward him, supporting herself with her arms, and looked up questioningly into his astonished face.

"Jim," she cried, "you've stolen it!"

"Why, no, my dear," he said, abashed at her accusation and deeply disappointed that she had not thrown her arms around his neck and begged forgiveness for her harsh treatment of the previous evening. "Why, no, I found it, yes, found it. I was sitting on a step in the avenue. Suddenly I looked down, and there was the necklace. No one knows who it belongs to. It is mine. We are rich. We are rich," he shouted and jiggled on his flapping soles and waved his arms in ecstasy.

Marie stood motionless; her black eyes pierced through to the back of his bewildered brain and calmed the tempest of his frenzy. "No, it is not yours; you must find the owner."

"But, Marie," he insisted, "it is mine. I found it. It belongs to no one. And think, it's diamonds, worth probably twenty thousand dollars. We too can live on the avenue, Alice can have a park to play in; we shall have automobiles and go to the theaters; we shall be rich. Just think, twenty thousand dollars!"

Marie did think. Though she realized that her husband grossly overestimated the value of the glittering ornament, yet, from her earlier experiences as a maid on the avenue to which her husband had so enviously alluded, she knew that a necklace of stones as large and as well cut as these were was truly valuable. Across her mind unrolled the panorama of her own drab life. She reviewed the hopeless drudgery, the deadening poverty which had blighted it and saw fearfully before her the blacker misery toward which it was sweeping. For herself, relief there was none, and before little sparrow-souled Alice was there nothing but the same drudgery, the same poverty, the same oppression. Then from the shadowed wretchedness of the barren room her thoughts flashed to the luxury of the home of the woman to whom the necklace had belonged. To her, who probably had as many necklaces as had her former mistress, it meant nothing but an ornament for her white neck, a useless bauble which would hardly be missed; while to her, who had nothing and no hope of ever having anything, it could mean a change in her whole life. And she almost shuddered as she thought that with it, perhaps, she could keep her daughter free from the fetters which had bound her own soul.

"Yes, Jim," she said quietly, "We shall keep it."

She picked up the necklace, watched it sparkle in the lamp-light, then wrapped it carefully in a handkerchief and laid it in a small niche back of a gaudy colored, expressionless picture of the Virgin, the only ora-

ment on the dingy walls. "In the morning," she continued, "you can take it down to the Jew's and see what you can get for it."

"No, Marie," he replied quickly, "it will not do for me to take it down. He would surely think I stole it—even more than you did—and then I should be arrested. You take it to him; he will not suspect you."

"O, very well," she said, "as always, I must do what you should do. Now run on up to bed and sleep while I sell this necklace, which you got heaven knows where."

Jim obeyed and walked up the rickety staircase at the side of the room to the little room under the roof. Marie blew out the light; the dawn came rolling through the patched window. She stood a moment with her hand on the table, her head bowed meditatively. Then she tossed her black braid over her shoulder, hurried up-stairs and quietly dressed. Casting a contemptuous glance at her snoring husband, who had thrown himself upon the bed without removing anything but his shoes, she left the room and went down into the cramped, little kitchen. She opened the door upon the narrow vegetable garden starving in the cindery ground, built a fire in the old stove, and put on a pot of gruel to boil. Then from above her came the patter of tiny feet and the lisp of a little song. She ran up stairs, knelt down and clasped the child to her, and then, as she washed her and dressed her and combed her brown curls, she took up the little song Alice had been singing.

After the child had finished her breakfast and the dishes had been cleaned and put away, Marie tied a black shawl over her hair, took the necklace from its hiding place, and walked out into the dirty street, which was now alive with heavy shod laborers on their way to work, talking and laughing and smoking vile smelling pipes. She went into an old shop, where in the window was displayed a miscellaneous assortment of cheap jewelry, fire-arms, and men's clothing, and laid the necklace upon the worn counter. To the surprised, inquiring look of the short, fat, skull-capped Jew behind the grille, she apologized, "It was my mother's, but we have grown so poor that I must sell it."

The Jew fingered it carefully; then he took it to his bench before the window and examined it with a glass. He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. "I am very sorry to disappoint you," he said returning to the counter, "but the necklace is not diamond, but only paste. However, I can give you ten dollars for it, a very good price for such trash."

She was dumbfounded and stared blankly into his shrewd, spectacled face. Then at length she said, "Yes, I will take it." And she wrapt the two dirty

green bills, he handed to her, in the same handkerchief in which she had carried the sparkling necklace, and thrust it into her bosom. Sorrowfully she walked back home and went again to her endless, monotonous scrubbing and washing and cooking.

About noon, Jim with his curly hair tangled and matted over his wrinkled forehead, staggered into the kitchen and slobberingly drank from a pail of cold water, which he found sitting on the white table. Picking up a piece of bread lying near the pail, he dropped weakly into a chair and crossed his stockinged feet before him. From the back porch he heard the swish of water thrown from a pail, and then saw Marie enter the narrow door-way, her skirts tucked up at her waist, her feet bare and wet. She dropped her brush into her pail, set the pail behind the door, and dried her wet legs.

"You know, Marie, my dear," said Jim, wrinkling his brow deeper and turning his head a little to one side, "I had a very strange dream last night. I dreamed I found a diamond necklace. I dreamed we were rich."

"I dreamed the same thing," she answered quietly and drew from the bottom of the bin a few turnips, which she began to scrape and to slice into a pan she held in her lap.

MILES L. COLEMAN

Eugaemonia

(Continued from page 121)

Mr. McG.—Somebody might lose a government credit check in your office—ah—You get me don't you?

Eugenergy—Not a bit of it.

Mr. McG.—Wouldn't you like to borrow some more credit checks off me?

Eugenergy—No.

Mr. McG.—The interest rate would be liberal, very liberal (*gets ready to write*) let's say minus one hundred per cent? Minus, I say. And how much—?

Eug.—So, sir, I give you my patient attention only (*They retire to one side*)

Eug.—Well, sir?

Mr. McG.—You have spent a great deal of your own future credit checks on the government for scientific experiments.

Eug.—I—well, yes, what of it?

Mr. McG.—I happen to know certain lenders have advanced you their own credit checks at a high per cent.

Eug.—You know too much. What do you want?

Mr. McG.—Just this (*taking out a check book and fingering the leaves*) Mac and Mullion, over there,

they want to get married. You might, you know, they might—Do I need to go on?

Eugenergy—You do.

To have myself insulted. Such a thing has never happened before and I resent it, sir, I resent it exceedingly. Governor Mullion, are you a party to this dastardly—

Gov. M.—I? What are you driving at?

Eug.—What have I done that you should think that of me?

Gov. M.—I—

Eug.—That I should be thought a bribe taker! (to *McG.*) It's people like you that we scientists have given heart breaking efforts to do away with. I'm afraid I'm too lenient in leaving you at large.

Mr. McG.—Now Eu—

Eugenergy—And you, miss. You know you have no right to his company. I was foolish in leaving you here so long. Leave the room!

Miss McG.—If you only knew.

Eug.—Leave the room, I say.

Gov. M.—But *Eugenergy*.

Mr. McG.—Hold up, a minute.

Eug.—Yes I knew you were all in it. Leave the room, madam. And do not come within a mile of it again as you value your freedom.

Miss McG.—I will stay here.

Eug.—Rebellious girl. What? Must the glorious aims of science be jeopardized by a mere chit's whim? What? You put yourself against my judgment! I warn you, and you too, Governor Mullion, you are playing with fire.

Miss McG.—I will stay here.

Gov. M.—Really, this scientific tyranny is going pretty far. I have some self control, you know.

Eug.—It cannot be risked.

Gov. M.—I—It's my duty I suppose, but—Oh *Eugenergy*, I don't think that's necessary.

Eug.—It does not depend upon what you think.

Gov. M.—This—Now, *Eugenergy*, this scientific tyranny which you represent really is going pretty far. The representatives of the people will have to assert themselves. We can't stand it. Now—

Eug.—Poor deluded slaves of beastly instinct. Governor, your scientific duty, or your love? Choose.

Gov. M.—It's very hard. These—(to *Miss McG.*) My little card house of life lies in a rather pathetic heap when you are not part of it. What good is scientific duty? I choose.

Eug.—Officers, do your duty. Arrest these three.

1st Eugenics policeman (to governor)—Beggin' y'r pardon, sor. (*handcuffs him*)

2d Eu. pol.—Very sorry, ma'am. (*handcuffs Miss McG.*)

3d Eu. pol.—Now, come to it peaceable or I'll have to crack your dome. Oh you want it, hey? Take that, then. It'll be hard labor f'r youse. Stop that. (*handcuffs him*)

Mr. McG.—Well if the old coot isn't in earnest. You take it from me; you won't last long. The country won't stand it.

Eug.—To talk of duty to you is useless. Hold them while I make out the papers. (*sits at the governor's desk and begins to write*)

Mr. McG.—Go ahead, it's your funeral.

Eug.—Governor Mullion, it is with the deepest regret that I have felt myself forced to this step. Your obstinacy concerning your marriage, your continued efforts to get legislative action on the subject, all have prepared me to take this fatal action. I repeat, I do it with the deepest regret, and I plead with you; reconsider your intention; do not persist in this fatal passion. (*pause*) The penalty, as you are aware, indeed the only safe scientific thing is both your deaths.

Miss McG.—I will stay here.

Eug.—On your head be it. We will put you in prison to reconsider.

Trio of Eugenics policemen (sing)

Don't be angry, only wonder,

Don't be angry, just admire.

You must live for human progress,

You must calm your passion's fire.

What we say is best for humans

Must with faith your hearts inspire.

Therefore join us with approval,

Join our science, system choir.

If you don't and we must hit you

Like this whack, whack on your headpiece;

Bumping you till you aspire,

Don't be angry, only wonder,

Don't be angry, just admire.

—FRANCIS C. LATHROP.

FIZZ

What is Art? I am twenty-one and if I shall ever know, I know now. And I have decided:

Art is not milk; it is beer. It is not so much a food as a stimulant. It is not a necessity to incipient life but to insipid life. It is a taste; sometimes acquired, sometimes native. Some people can hardly swallow it; again, "Babies cry for it." To some natures it is a necessity; life is a vale of tears without it; and ro-eate and dizzy and double-mooned after a number of steins. To prove that Art is beer rather than milk: if you skim off just the top—don't you get foam instead of cream? You do.

—MARJORIE KINNAN.

Twitched Strings

I AM VERY sorry, but this has to be done. It is my duty, and I shall carry it out with cold determination. George simply has to be called to time. To let him go further would be an injustice that would haunt me. I simply have to tell him what an ass he is.

It started innocently enough last spring. I hate to blame anything on the spring, but it did do damage to George. He fell in love. George, sober, is not so bad, but George in the throes of a spring amourette—well, I would sooner room with a homesick calf. Not that he ran to verse, or moped, or talked in his sleep—I wish he had. If he had only given expression to the quivering immortal soul that was in him through expected channels and gotten decently over it, it would not have been so bad. But George, some six feet two, with huge hands that looked like pack saddles, and an ear for music like a bull elephant, brought into our heretofore peaceful atmosphere—a ukelele.

"Look," he said, bringing the little, harmless appearing thing forth. "This is just what we've needed for a long time. We've been happy, and we've got the coziest room in the place, but we've needed something. I can't just describe it—your bear skin has helped, you know, and my skull, but honestly haven't you felt it? It's—it's, well, it's atmosphere."

"Why, you big doddering ass," I said, as soon as I was sure he was sober. "What are you going to do with that?"

"Listen! They're all minors." He struck a chord that was not a minor. It wasn't anything.

"Well, any way, when you know how to play them, they have got a guitar beat all hollow for accompanying the human voice."

"Whom, may I ask, is the human voice going to belong to?" I asked as gently as I could.

"Why, me. Oh, of course I'll have to practice some."

George's progress was slow, very slow. To see him, seated on a chair, his immense figure bent almost double, searching for a chord to accompany *Moonbeams Shining*, whose key he had unconsciously changed four times in two bars, was a sight that I would call droll—yes, pitiful. He was sensitive about it, too. When he heard some one coming he would hurriedly change off into *That's Where My Money Goes*, whose soul stirring chords he had quite mastered. I think George could have started off with perfect poise on that infernal piece in the midst of an earthquake. It was his one perfect effort and when, upon hearing it for the first time, I mistook it for something else, I thought our brotherly friendship was at an

end.

In tuning, George also had some difficulty. "Ah-h-h," he would sing to get the first string. To get any string in the world to approach any where near one of George's "ah-h-h's" is more than one could humanly expect. The sound used to make me shudder and think of the latent power of the man. I have heard one of George's strings, whining with fright approach the fatal point with stealth and then hurry past to break with a terrible cry. However, when one string was in, it was a simple matter to discipline the rest, and with a professional running over of the four chords that constitute the necessary repertoire of an artist, he would look around with a patronizing air as if to say:

"Well, what will it be? Anything at all. It makes no difference to me."

Thereupon Jim Williams, whom I had taken into my confidence would acclaim in a loud voice:

"Say, did I ever tell you fellows about the time—?"

"Yes," George would snap, "you have. It's that story about the raid on that low dive you were in in Chicago. It always starts out 'We eased into this chop suey joint' and ends up anywhere from a flying jump from a four story window to a mortal combat with four policemen. I've only heard it four times in the past week."

And in the heat of the argument as to just how many times Jim has told the story in the past fortnight, I would quietly slip away and study in the garret.

It all had the effect of making George sullen and stubborn. Before, George was the most congenial of room-mates. Except for one lapse of memory when he had mistaken my dress suit for his and left some highball mixers in the pocket to be discovered by me at a very embarrassing moment, we have never even had a bad word. But to study Wordsworth in an atmosphere that was a mixture of cave man and Hawaiian is not without its difficulties. The fair seed time that Wordsworth's soul had was as nothing to what mine underwent. I learned perseverance, fortitude, courage, and a form of Christianity that the early monks who used to scourge themselves must have possessed.

We tried hinting to no avail.

"Say," said George one evening, "who was that chap that played for his wife's soul? You know—one of those Greek myths."

"Orpheus, you mean," said Jim. "They named the Orpheum after him. I guess he started the circuit. You remind me of him, George."

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"Say, I guess he was a real artist at that," said George, pleased with the compliment, "Why he moved trees and rocks—"

"Moved them," said Jim, "Say, George if any one in authority ever hears you disturbing the peace the way you do, you'll do more than move 'em. They'll give you some stripes and a hammer and let you make little ones out of big ones."

But even our gentle hinting made him more determined.

The breaking off of all hope came one Sunday noon. We were having some ladies to dinner and I had pictured a quiet chat over in a corner with no blating orchestra to contend with. It was quiet—as the node on a vibrating crowbar is quiet. George sang. I don't exactly blame George, but it quite upset the whole party.

"My," said George, walking in, "but it's quiet in here. It would be better if some one would play or sing, don't you think?"

"Mr. Harris sings quite remarkably," said George's girl.

There was no other thing to do but for George to go up and get his ukelele and sing. He attracted quite a crowd. To see George carrying a ukelele was a sight to inspire curiosity. To hear that he was going to sing created a furor. George started out. I have no recollection what it was he sang, but he

started many notes too low. To say that his voice was flat would be to imply that it had tone. It had no such thing. It was a monotone:—the most perfect I have ever heard. A girl of nervous temperament grew hysterical and had to be led out, and there were cries of wonder and awe to be heard from all quarters. He finished with a flourish and met the feminine murmurs of fright with modesty. A further number was discouraged. If the old chaps that posed for the fraternity pictures back in the early eighties could have seen how popular they had suddenly become, they would have turned over in their graves. And George threw out his chest and thought that he had achieved something.

Later when we were together I took him fondly by the neck and said,

"George, I am praying that between the time when you are hanged and the judgment day when they dole out the harps, there is going to be a lapse of time that will be measured by eons. I'm going to spend most of that time just thinking of you and how quiet you must be. Think of it, George—as quiet as death!"

"Say," he said, "how do they string those celestial harps, anyway? Four silver strings, I suppose."

"That's what I've heard."

"By Jove, I'll tune her C-E-G-A and wake the joint up, you see if I don't."

—CHARLES RAWLINGS.

Effectiveness

SHE knew that when she had on her black hat, with the aigrette, she was much more effective when viewed from the right side; for the shiny straw tilted up from her face, and lent a classical purity to her somewhat Celtic profile. On the right side, too, was the extra lock of hair that could be plastered into a slick elegant protrusion across her pink cheek. So, when she came into the library, she thanked Venus for that glimpse which showed her where He sat. I do not refer to the deity, but to the most desirable Sig Alph. She was thus enabled to choose her seat, without apparent malice afore-thought. Easily, swaggering with that peculiar twist of the hips and shoulders that marks the female on parade, she sauntered to a seat at the table, on beyond him, on the other side of the aisle, which permitted her to give him that satisfactory profile of the right. She felt at once that he was looking at her. Complacently she passed her hand over her back-hair; rested her arm, Cleopatra-fashion, across the back of the neighboring chair that the white roundness of the flesh might be evident through the thin chiffon. Soulfully she lifted her eyes to the ceiling; sighed audibly and obviously; smiled, with up-

lifted chin, like a Saint Cecilia hearing the heavenly choir.

She planned not to look at him for a long time, that he might indulge himself with the sight of that lovely profile; for after she had spoken to him, he would not dare stare at her; and she, in her turn, could not plot her angle and her sighs and her smiles so freely, since he would know that she felt herself observed. So she posed; and posed again; and again. She allowed her face to take on one expression after another, as if in the mental throes peculiar to Nazimova. She frowned; she parted her lips; she closed her eyes; she rested her chin on two clasped hands. And for fifteen minutes she kept it up, knowing that each attitude was the height of effectiveness. Then:—

She looked up casually; she would notice him with surprise, and smile. She turned her head. And her eyes met, not his, but the anxious ones of her room-mate, sitting in his sacred place. The room-mate arose and hurried over to her. She was met with an acrid, peremptory:—

"How long have you been sitting there?"

"Why, I came in just a minute or so behind you.

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The man there went away as I came along, and I've been there ever since." She patted solicitously the hair under the black straw and aigrette, and went on with a worried air.

"Don't you feel well, honey? You've been making

the funniest faces, and rolling your eyes so queer, I thought you must be awfully sick. You look all right now, but I must say, you were the weirdest looking thing I ever saw, when I sat over there watching you."

—MARJORIE KINNAN.

The Book Shop

AN AMERICAN SHROPSHIRE LAD

Grenstone Poems, by Witter Bynner; New York, Frederick A. Stokes Co.; \$1.35

Simplicity of diction, a total disregard of the airs and graces, the plumage and the plethora of traditional poetic imagery, places the light lyrics of Witter Bynner into the class that has until now been almost solely inhabited by the work of A. E. Housman. There is, indeed, a notable similarity between *Grenstone Poems* and *A Shropshire Lad*. The comparison, however, must be confined to a consideration of the outward dress rather than to the spirit, for Housman is essentially a poet of pessimism; the outpourings of his Shropshire boy hold a lingering note of melancholy that is foreign to the cheerfulness of the Grenstone poet. There is a lightness and an animation, a zest for life in the latter's work which makes him primarily a poet who senses the joy and the charm in the flow of living things about us, and who always finds them good. Even the occasional mournful verses included in his chapters on "Losing Celia" and "Children and Death" fail to hide the optimism and the cheerfulness which characterizes the spirit of the entire work.

Grenstone Poems are arranged in an intricate series of chapters and sub-chapters which are supposed to form by their sequence a more or less definite narrative. The arrangement, however, is not only unnecessary but disconcerting, and if there is a thread of narrative running through the collection, Mr. Bynner has succeeded in effectively severing it by inserting verses in the various chapters in an apparently aimless and whimsical manner. A number of the selections might, indeed, have been left out altogether to good advantage. "The Secret," for instance, exhibits a brand of cleverness that matches the tone of a host of our present day magazines but which is out of tune with the best in Mr. Bynner's book.

"Taking women as they come,
I like them better as they go"—
That was what I used to say
And smile to have it so.

Liking women as they went,
That was the way I wisely chose—
Why I asked one not to go—
God only knows.

Mr. Bynner is often at his best in an imaginative interpretation of every-day sights. Sometimes he brings us back to earth in a good-natured manner which somehow lacks the sting of the twisted climaxes in many of Heine's lyrics. "Little Pan"

illustrates so well this laugh-at-yourself trick of his that it deserves to be quoted in full:

Out on the hill—by an autumn tree—
As red as his cheek in the weather—
He waved a sumach torch of glee
And preened, like a scarlet feather,
A branch of maple bright on his breast
And shook an oak in his cap;
And the dance of his heels on the rocky crest
Was a woodpecker's tap-tap-tap.

The eyes of a squirrel were quick in his head
And the grace of a deer in his shoulder,
And never a cardinal beckoned so red
As his torch when he leapt on a boulder;
A robin exclaiming he mocked in a voice
Which hurried the heavens around him.
What could we do but attend and rejoice,
Celia and I who had found him!

He spied us at last, though we hid by a pine;
And before he might vanish in smoke
I tried to induce him to give us a sign,
But he stopped in his dance when I spoke —
"O tell me your name and the hill you inhabit!"
He curled round his tree like a cat;
"They call me," he cried, as he fled like a rabbit,
"Donovan's damned little brat!"

E. L. Meyer.

WHAT ENGLISH WOMEN HAVE DONE

A Woman and the War; By the Countess of Warwick; New York, The Doran Co.; \$2.00

In *A Woman and the War*, the Countess of Warwick has made articulate, thoughts and feelings which are in the minds of most women whose lives are at once being filled and wrecked by the present great struggle for democracy. She has legitimized these ideas by turning the light of her real knowledge of political, economic, and social facts upon them. The Countess *knows*, one is convinced on reading this fearless and brilliant volume, what she is talking about, knows the topics she handles, not in a dilettantish, ladylike manner, but with an understanding virile and searching. To compliment her political insight with an adjective indisputable in its strength I shall term it "masculine"; I can make only a poor attempt at epitomizing her social attitude, in calling it devotedly and passion-

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ately just. To be just, the Countess of Warwick has had to be unflinching in her judgment of the moneyed, and blooded class, *her class*, regardless of tradition and kin, at the same time retaining the coolness and appreciation so often lost by an aristocrat turned radical. Never once does she dilute the strength of her faith in the masses by showing a fanatical hatred for the capitalists.

The Countess of Warwick defines and champions feminism, not the insincere kind which has been "taken up" by women who, because they lack character, are always eager to attach themselves to a positive creed,—but the earnest, noble sort which, the Countess believes, would have lifted women to a plane of equality which would have empowered them to use their intellects in averting, rather than sustaining, a war brought about by men. She feels that the result of a serious adoption of the sober type of feminism will mean that "We women shall strive through the sisterhood of women towards the brotherhood of man, and we shall be working among those who will be able to see for themselves what one-sided rule and one-sided domination have done for progress and civilization after their slow ascent to a position that at best left so much to be desired."

On such questions as have been vital in England since 1914, and in America since last spring, the Countess of Warwick is brilliantly, uncannily farseeing. But if I should reveal her opinions concerning War Marriages, women entering industries, the problem of race suicide, all of which are more popular, because we are egoists and they strike home, than great political and philosophical considerations, you would feel that you had tested the flavor of the book and not bother with it. And since the substance is even more charming and brilliant than the flavor, I should hate you to miss it.

—Helen Knowlton.

THE GREAT WAR IN PICTURES

Fragments from France, by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$2.50

Week by week Bairnsfather's "fragments" appeared in the *Bystander* as separate pictures. Now they have been gathered into book form and have crossed the Atlantic to seek their fortune among us. England's welcome was unstinted. In England Bairnsfather's name and drawings are household words, but here he has his way yet to make.

"Fed up" describes his muddy and often-bored soldiers, lounging in the trenches, perhaps up to their shoulders in water. ("They'll be torpedoing us if we stick here much longer, Bill") or ruefully gazing at the remains of a "blinking" parapet. It is the book of the modern soldier—. "The citizen soldier, who, hating war as he hated hell flocked to the colors to have his whack at the apostles of blood and iron." "The great war reduced to grim and gruesome absurdity." This type of soldier is as unlike that created by Kipling as Kipling's is unlike the type of Scott. Here one sees none of the heroics of battle but he does see the grim, incorrigible humor of men, who, although "fed up" cannot be disheartened. "Dear,"

writes a patient chap seated before a wrecked house, surrounded by dead pigs, mules and broken umbrellas, "At present we are staying at a farm." Disheartened? No! In his cartoons he has shown the human spirit emerging victorious over all that is ugly, tedious, and soul-destroying. For ugliness one needs only to consider the innumerable tin cans—cans by the hundred, by actual count of his comparatively small book shows that over two hundred times did Bairnsfather draw this ugliest of objects. There is mud too, unending mud, and gaunt landscapes of shell holes, burnt houses and blasted trees. There are shells quite visible passing in the air in flocks, like schools of goldfish. There is the angry and unsmiling enemy. But in spite of it all Bairnsfather's unprepossessing heroes emerge rational imperturbable and above all still able to smile.

It is the Englishman's power to laugh at himself—not merely at his enemies, that makes him a problem to his neighbors. If the "Fragments" get into Germany they may be held up as another example of the degeneracy of England, who went to war singing the songs of the music halls, laughing refusing to hate or to talk the matter too seriously. For here is the same careless undaunted spirit—and a seriousness which must never appear too serious.

—Esther Forbes.

CORRESPONDENCE

February 1, 1918.

Mr. Theodore M. Hammond, President of the Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin,

Dear Sir: We, the editors of the Wisconsin Literary Magazine, wish to express our sincere regret that anything which we may have printed has given offense to you or to any other friend of the University.

We have felt so sure of our loyalty both to the University and to the country as to make it hard for us to realize that others could doubt it.

Whatever unwise criticism you find in our editorials was prompted by a feeling of love and loyalty to our University which we thought was unjustly assaulted. We sincerely regret that the stand we took has been the cause of considerable anxiety to you.

We realize that much of this anxiety would have been avoided if we had submitted the editorials to the University censor.

Allow us to express again our regret, and to assure you of our faith in our government and the cause of the war.

Very respectfully yours,

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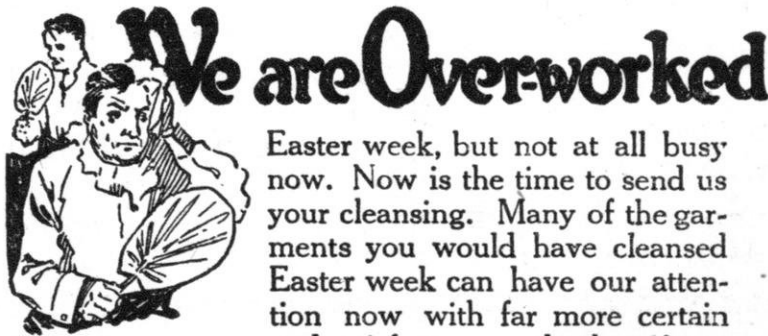
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